THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"Yea, and I know that good and evil have come before all men; or he that knoweth not good from evil is blameless; but he that knoweth good and evil, to him it is given according to his desires; whether he desireth good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience."—ALMA 29: 5.

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"COME, COME, YE SAINTS, NO TOIL NOR LABOR FEAR,
BUT WITH JOY WEND YOUR WAY."

THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY ELDER RUFUS D. JOHNSON OF THE LIVERPOOL OFFICE.

"Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive.
Do this, and joy you hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!"

The well known hymn beginning with the verse quoted above is from the pen of William Clayton, one of the pioneers, and for some time the private secretary of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was a gifted writer, and it is a matter of regret that this and one other hymn beginning, "When first the glorious light of truth, Burst forth in this last age," are the only two which have been left by him to the Church. The latter is a favorite funeral hymn, and both are written in much the same vein. The theme of reward in the hereafter for the suffering Saints on earth seems to have been prominent in the author's mind, and it is not difficult to tell from the tenor of the lines that he was one who endured much for the Gospel's sake.

Of all the songs of Zion, perhaps none is more dear to the hearts of a great number of Latter-day Saints than "Come, come, ye Saints." Especially dear was it to the pathfinders of "Mormonism," who found comfort and strength in its inspiriting lines. As they sang it in unison on their weary marches toward the west, they took to heart its lesson of optimism, which gave them courage to continue their painful and hazardous journey. It was composed while the Saints were passing through some of their most trying ordeals, and its lines tell an eloquent tale of the great and holy trust which the devoted little band placed in their Heavenly Father. The early Latter-day Saints had been driven from their homes under circumstances of the greatest barbarity; they had lost practically all their earthly possessions; but with hearts filled with hope they turned their faces toward the golden west, and said within themselves, "We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far away, in the west." How heavily weighted they were with sorrow as they severed all connections with civilization and began their dreary journey, we can only surmise, yet they never once let the beacon star of Hope descend below the horizon. They endeavored to be cheerful, even in the midst of difficulties which would appal the stoutest heart, and in order to stimulate light-heartedness and keep their weary souls from flagging, they devised all manner of pleasant entertainments around the camp fire after the tedious journey of the day was done. Singing and dancing were indulged in, and many a care was lost sight of in the maze of the dance, or the swell of the music as all joined in the song. Naturally the hymn of their faith and hopes was a great favorite, and "Come, come, ye Saints" was on everyone's lips.

Brother Oscar Winters, one of the pioneers, and father-in-law of President Grant, once told the latter of his regret for the fact that the choirs, in singing

the song, rarely sing more than three verses. He said that to him the last verse was sweetest and best of all, and told a little story in which it promin ently figured.

One evening, after the pioneer train had halted for the night, the absence of one of the brethren was noted from the camp-fire gathering. His lateness in reaching camp caused considerable anxiety to the Saints, and they were about to send out a search party when he arrived. He felt a little ill, and some of the brethren relieved him of the work of unyoking his oxen, but after supper he was well enough to sit up. He took his place on a rock near the fire, and in a sweet, plaintive voice, he sang "Come, come, ye Saints" from beginning to end. It was always customary for the Saints to participate in the singing, especially when this song was begun, but on this occasion all felt strangely thrilled by thesweet melody, and no one seemed disposed to do so.

Ere he had finished, many were shedding tears, so great was the play it made upon their emotions. Particularly impressive was the last verse, beginning, "And if we die before our journey's through, Happy day! all is well!" Little did his listeners dream that the light which illuminated his countenance as his voice swelled triumphantly in the concluding lines, was other than the fitful gleam of the fire by which he sat. A solemn silence reigned after the song had ended, as though all were possessed of a vague presentiment of impending sorrow; but the note of confidence in the singer's voice freshened their hope and gave them renewed courage to continue their perilous way.

At dawn on the following morning, however, the mystery was explained to them. Upon going to the singer's wagon when he failed to appear at the proper time, his body was found cold and inanimate in death, but with an expression of peace and joy ineffable upon his upturned face. Tenderly his body was consigned to the earth, and the stone upon which he sat the night previous was used to mark his last resting place. His lonely grave served as one of the grim distance posts which marked the line of that terrible journey, and proclaimed to the world that the day of martyrs in Christ's name had not passed!

President Grant subsequently learned that there was still another and far greater reason why the last verse appealed so strongly to Brother Winters. Some time after the latter arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, his mother left Winter Quarters for Zion, and when the train arrived in Salt Lake, he went to meet her. To his great grief, he learned that she, too, had succumbed to the awful hardships of the plains, and her body had been left upon its barren wastes.

The sequel to this came to light some years later, when the constructors of the Burlington Railway were surveying the route through Nebraska. In the direct line of their survey they came upon a wagon tire embedded in the ground, with the name "Winters" chiselled in it. Learning that it marked a grave, with great courtesy, the surveyors went back over their course some distance, and resurveyed it in such a manner that the lone grave was left undisturbed. The agent of the company afterwards wrote to Salt Lake City regarding it, and it finally developed that the grave was none other than that

of Brother Winter's mother. A monument of Temple granite was erected over it by the descendants of the one who lies buried there.

If the Latter-day Saints would think of these things when this song is sung in their meetings—if they would reflect upon the spirit of its composition, and learn its lessons of courage and faith in the face of trial, many tribulations which they now endure would be lightened, as were those of the mighty men and women who dared everything to make possible the blessings which the Latter-day Saints now enjoy.

"And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again,
To see the Saints, their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! all is well!"

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BY JOHN T. SEAICH, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH LONDON BRANCH.

Brotherly love ranks among the first and greatest commandments of God, without which the individual fails to be a Christian; it is the essence of true Christianity. The principle of brotherly love is of divine origin, its purpose being to perfect and link the human family together as one; to make them heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. Peace, goodwill, and charity are its fruits.

Such a principle calls forth our earnest and practical attention. Its standard is high and holy, and its teachings set forth that we should love our enemies; bless them that curse us; do good to them that hate us; and pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. This is the perfect law of love that God intended should actuate the hearts of men.

Love exists in the world to-day, but in a great measure its quality is inferior and below the true standard. It is a partial love, too frequently reserved for the favored few; and rarely administered outside of the immediate circle of friends. Men readily reciprocate the goodwill of a friend, and willingly love those who love them. But alas! their affections frequently never reach beyond this narrow limit. Concerning such an attitude Christ has said: "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have you? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?"

Men and women have not yet sensed the true relationship existing among them, that they are brothers and sisters, children of God, and members of His great family. We fail to grasp the kindred ties that should bind us together. Ignorant of the universal brotherhood of man, as intended of God, we are inclined to view those outside of our own household and acquaintances as foreigners and strangers. We proudly repudiate any connection of relationship with those whom we deem inferior to ourselves. Often we uncharitably

scorn the transgressor, and with a Pharisaical air, we thank God that we are better than other men. We are prone to despise the poor and humble, whilst we court the society of those of position and wealth. We forget that the criminal, steeped in crime, and the reckless prodigal, are still our brethren; that the woman, staggering under the influence of drink or victim of any other vice, is yet our sister; that the sick and afflicted, the sorrowing and distressed, and those who want, are also our brothers and sisters. We so easily lose sight of the fact that we are all justly accounted as sinners; "that there is none righteous, no not one." Yet, notwithstanding our unworthiness, God condescends to love us; and with a welcome voice He invites us all to call Him Father. He is no respecter of persons. In return, He asks us to love one another, to despise none. Therefore, we should not ignore those of a humble or unfortunate type; neither should we unkindly avoid any who may have manifested weaknesses.

Many of the human family have died in obscurity, friendless. The world was indeed cold to them. Yet brotherly love administered to such would have brought inexpressible joy and satisfaction into their lives. Thousands to-day, near at hand, are hungering and thirsting after genuine sympathy and friendship. Love extended to such would prevent many a premature grave; it would rescue numbers from sin and misery; it would turn the evil course of many, and place them on the path of happiness and well-doing. Love, like other things, has frequently come too late. Its effect and blessing have been lost through that terrible monster, procrastination. Love, that has been delayed and that only finds inscription on a tombstone, or that is forwarded with a wreath of flowers, is a cold insult to the memory of the dead. Therefore, let us not lavish our love on the dead, but make sure that they experience the warmth of it during their lives.

Selfishness is a serious obstacle to the exercise of brotherly love. As a serpent, disguised, the former seeks to possess the hearts of the children of God. To a marked extent the love of self rules the lives of mankind. The gifts and blessings of heaven are pounced upon by a selfish throng, regardless of the honesty and justice that should characterize their distribution. Selfishness is a deadly evil which sensitively appeals to the passions and appetites of the individual. It approaches us all with a pleasing and welcome greeting; but its mission is to destroy. Consequently, we who would abound in brotherly love must cease to unduly love ourselves. We must practice keeping our personal appetites and desires in check. This accomplished, our attentions and kindnesses will naturally incline to others.

Brotherly love formed the principal theme of Christ's teachings and example when He labored among men. He taught that we should unceasingly forgive one another; that we should administer of our substance to the needy; and that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us. He has left on record a parable that should inspire us all, that of the Good Samaritan. The beauty of brotherly love described therein, when it is considered that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, is beyond expression. This parable was given that we might all profit thereby; and the final injunction connected therewith is also universal in its application. Says Christ: "Go thou and do likewise."

GOOD NEIGHBORS ALL.

HOW THE SPIRIT OF HELPFULNESS IS DISPLAYED IN WESTERN AMERICA.

"Why did you come back?" I asked a Westerner who had returned to a prairie town after two years in New York. It seemed incomprehensible that he should leave the excitement of lower Broadway for the monotony of the broad plains.

"Neighbors!" was his response. "Would you want to spend your life where the people twenty feet away do not know your name or care whether you live or die? We were brought up with neighbors—and when the baby died and not a person in the blessed town came near us, when we went alone to the cemetery, it was too much. We packed up and started for home—what's the use living that way?"

One day last summer, out in the Western Kansas wheat lands, where distances are magnificent and the per capita of population to the square mile is expressed in decimal fractions, a settler became ill. He had fifty acres of fine wheat already turning yellow in the sun. He had no hired man, nor had he the means to engage harvesters. He had counted on "changing work" with some one and thus getting his grain to market. Day after day he tossed in pain and worried over the prospect. Neighbors? The nearest was three miles away, and the whole township had but seven families.

One morning three self-binders with full complement of helpers came rattling over the prairie. The drivers did not ask permission, but went boldly into the field. Round and round the machines hurried, reaping the ripe grain and leaving shocks of gold dappling the level land. The sick man heard the buzz of the reapers and tried to get to the window—but his wife told him what was happening, and he fell into a deep, sound sleep.

It was no slight thing to give up a day in the midst of pressing harvest that a farmer miles away might save his crop, but it is a pretty good sort of sentiment that prompts the action. It may be that it will count for something sometime.

"Would the average city street show an act such as marked a far frontier community in which I spent a night recently?" asked the former New Yorker, then went on: "We had stopped at a little town of less than a dozen houses, and spent the evening listening to pioneer stories in the dingy office of the only hotel. As we were preparing to go to bed, in came three men carrying a banjo, a violin, and a guitar. They were ranchers from the Pawnee Valley, and had been out twenty miles on the plains to enliven the evening for an old friend who was sick and nearly blind, with no one to read to him and no music except that of the ceaseless winds. They did not realize that they had done much—they simply did what they could without thinking. The leader of the trio started in the West a poor boy. Now he owns two thousand five hundred acres stocked with horses and with registered cattle so good that they take prizes at every royal stock show in Kansas City. Yet he found time to go twenty miles to cheer up an old friend in misfortune. Why shouldn't he prosper?" Why not, indeed?

Some instances have even more of "human interest," as newspaper men express it. One day a woman out on the plains followed to the wind-swept cemetery the husband with whom she had pioneered through long, weary years. She returned to her little home and gathered around her the five children, heartsick and disheartened. She had but one horse; the other had been sold to secure money during her husband's illness. It was time for plowing the corn ground. How could she get another horse? Where could she hire men to do the work? She cried herself to sleep that night.

Early next morning her eldest daughter awoke her with, "Look, mother, see who's coming!"

From the window of the cabin-like farm house she discerned in the north a number of men who were coming across the prairie with teams, plows, and harrows. To the east were others; so the south and west. What did it mean? She could not think for a minute. All centered at the farm, and, without stopping to ask her permission, went to work, turning over the chocolate furrows. The harrows followed, then the corn planters. Thirty teams made short work of the sixty acres, and by noon half the land was ready for the spring rains.

"Now, Mis' Mason," said the leader, big, sturdy Farmer Hansen of the Four Winds ranch, "if you'll give us some water to drink, we'll see if we can get dinner."

She did not need to do more than open the kitchen. The men were used to "batching it" on occasion, and they prepared their food like veterans. They had brought eatables for the meal, and the spread looked very good to the children who eagarly watched them.

"Come on, youngsters," called the leader, cheerily, "have something with us—ye're welcome."

They were welcome indeed. The bounties of a dozen homes had been brought for the occasion, and the supply was ample for the children, half famished for a good meal as they were. The afternoon was as busy as the morning, and long before sundown the field was ready for the spring rains. Nor was this all. So plentiful was the provision from the farmers' kitchens that the little home was provided with food for a week to come.

All that summer the neighbors came time after time and cultivated the corn, and when autumn's harvest arrived there was a clean four hundred bushels that had not cost the widow a cent. Pretty good kind of every-day Christianity, that!—*The Outlook.*

During the American Civil War the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment which he controlled as a dictator. While the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign, an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp, and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer. "Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," "what do you want?" "I am only a servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the —th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness." "Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, "detail ten men for baptism! No Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety!"

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906.

EDITORIAL.

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH."

In the revelation which John had of the glories in store for this earth and its inhabitants, that which he describes in the twenty-first chapter of his book is among the most beautiful. We would do well to read the words often:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

"And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Here is told of a new heaven and a new earth, a city adorned as a bride for her husband; God is personally with His people, and there is no more sorrow, nor crying, nor pain—the old, worn out, and useless are all done away. The fountain of the water of life flows freely to all that are athirst—and there is no more death.

All this is promised to whom? Who is it that shall enjoy these blessings? Mark well the answer: "He that OVERCOMETH shall inherit all things." Oh, that word "overcometh"! What a depth of meaning lies in it! No beds of indolent ease are suggested within its meaning, but instead there is a sense of strenuous combat, intimation of battle with foes both many and strong. "He that endureth to the end," he that has "come up through great tribulation," "he that overcometh"—these are the ones.

Jesus was nearing His earthly mission. He had, as a boy, "increased in wisdom" as He grew in stature; He had "learned obedience by the things which He suffered;" He had been "in all points tempted as we are," yet He had not yielded, had not once given way to the enemy, and therefore He was without sin—and so on that night when He knew that His hour was come, and He was comforting His disciples, He said, "I have overcome the world."

They had nothing to fear if they would but follow His example. He had completely overcome the enemy of men's souls which operates in power in the world, and what He had done would be a perfect example for them and all other men to follow after.

"Be not overcome of evil," Paul admonishes, "but overcome evil with good." Fight it with all the strength you have. It is you that should do the overcoming, and your weapons should not be the forces of evil, but the mighty power of good. "Know ye not," says the same Paul, "that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"

And so all through the Scriptures we have the way of salvation pictured as a struggle against foes which are to be overcome—foes seen and unseen, foes spiritual and foes temporal, foes lurking on every side, sly, crafty, cruel, watching and waiting to take advantage of an unguarded moment, a weak condition, so that they may break in upon us and destroy.

But what is the nature of these foes which the candidate for salvation must overcome? It may be difficult to describe them all definitely, because they are so many and so varied, but many can be pointed out sufficiently clear that they may be known, attacked, and conquered.

Sometimes the big foes are not so dangerous as the seemingly little ones. The big ones are seen, known, feared, and therefore guarded against; but the small ones may sometimes creep slyly upon us, and before we are aware of them, they may have us in their clutches, and we escape again only by a fierce struggle.

To illustrate: It may be no temptation for a person to commit some of the grosser crimes—their very enormity is a protection; but he has a temper which he does not control, and at times he brings distress and pain to loved ones by his words and actions; he may have faults of speech and action which, seemingly, are too trifling to call for much corrective attention. We sometimes forget that usually no great crime is committed as one isolated act, but there has been an accumulation of little unconquered tendencies which have led up to the climax. If each small temptation had been overcome at the proper time, the terrible deed would not have been committed.

When the Gospel of Jesus Christ comes to a person, as a rule many obstacles appear which must be overcome if he wishes to accept the life-giving message. He may have habits of eating and drinking which must be overcome. These may be looked upon as minor weaknesses, but how many instances have we not known where a pipe of tobacco or a glass of ale has completely blocked a man's way to salvation? He has thought these were such small things that they did not matter. Such a person has thought that when some supreme test would come he would be able to conquer, forgetting that he who is unable to overcome a small evil will generally fail when a large one

is encountered. How foolish for anyone to imagine that he can conquer an army, when he is unable to subdue each soldier of that army, one at a time!

The Latter-day Saint is doubly armed to overcome his enemies, because he has through his obedience to the Gospel the Spirit of God, which gives light to his feet and adds strength to his arm. Though every day there may be something to overcome, he can do it by the aid of this God-given strength. Are you tempted to speak evil of another? You can overcome it. Are you prone to fault-finding with those who are doing their best? Fight against it—overcome. Does a perverted appetite urge you to continue your tea-drinking or your tobacco smoking? Don't be a slave to an appetite. Get out of its grasp. Be a free man. Are you inclined to look upon meeting-going as tiresome, or the attending to your prayers as unnecessary? Overcome those inclinations. Do you compromise with the Lord by paying Him only one twentieth or one fifteenth of your increase as a tithing? Fight hard, if necessary, against this habit, until you have overcome this weakness of being stingy with the Lord.

Think of what this victory means in the end! "I will be his God," is the promise, "and he shall be my son." Is not this worth a life-long struggle and daily watchfulness against evil in thought or word or deed?

The words of inspiration to John on the Isle of Patmos are full of encouragement and of comfort, and likewise are those which the Lord has given on the same subject in our day through the Prophet Joseph. They are herewith quoted as found in the seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. They should be read again and again. In the midst of discouragement, when hard pressed by the enemy, when hope is low or faith is wavering, these words will arouse us again to newness of activity and life, that in God's strength we may conquer:

"And again, we bear record, for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the Gospel of Christ, concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just;

"They are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given,

"That by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power,

"And who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true.

"They are they who are the church of the first born.

"They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things—

"They are they who are Priests and Kings, who have received of his fullness, and of his glory,

"And are Priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchisedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son;

"Wherefore, as it is written, they are Gods, even the sons of God—

"Wherefore all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's and Christ is God's;

"And they shall overcome all things;

"Wherefore let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet—

"These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever."

THE LONDON MEETINGS.

If the work in the British mission may be judged by the spirit which is made manifest by the workers, then the prospects are indeed bright for the work of the Lord in the British Isles. The recent meetings held in London will be memorable ones to those who were fortunate enough to be present, because the Spirit of the Lord was poured out to a remarkable degree.

The clerk's detailed reports of these meetings are to be found in this week's Star. The convention which began at Rotterdam, February 8-12, reconvened in London on Saturday, April 14. Two meetings were held in the assembly room at 97 Farleigh Road, wherein matters pertaining to the welfare of the mission were discussed. On Sunday the meetings of the London conference were held in the elegant large room at the Finsbury Town Hall. These meetings were characterized by the uniform excellence of the short addresses delivered.

Monday morning the convention met again at Farleigh Road. Those present were President Grant, Elder Augus M. Cannon, the thirteen conference presidents, the Elders of the London conference, and some from other parts of the mission—fifty-four in all. President Grant said he wished to hear from each one present, and gave them two minutes each. Just one hour and twenty minutes was gone when all save Elder Cannon and President Grant had spoken. Though brief, each testimony came from the heart with burning fervor, and very few eyes were dry as each in turn added his testimony of God's goodness to him. "Our hearts did burn within us" while the still, sweet Spirit of God rested as a benediction over the assembled servants of the Lord. Elder Cannon added a strong testimony, and then President Grant completed his instructions to the Elders.

After all, the strongest of testimonies is that which the Spirit of God gives. Signs and wonders may follow the believer and the worker, but when the Spirit fills the heart and drives out all doubt and fear and bathes the soul in an atmosphere of sweetness and light and truth, then may the happy recipient say in very truth, "I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God."

The British mission will surely feel the effects of these London meetings. They have been as a reservoir of strength, and the strength will be distributed to every part. The British Elders have received a direct testimony from the Lord that He is with them. Though the enemy may rage against the Saints and the Priesthood, God's power to save is not lessened, but His Church will advance triumphantly in the earth.

N. A.

Release.—Elder William J. Yard of the Birmingham conference is honorably released to return home on the s.s. *Arabic*, April 27th, 1906.

Departures.—The following named missionaries sailed for America per s.s. *Cymric*, on Friday, April 13: Elmer Johnson, Harold G. Reynolds, George J. Haslam, Joseph M. Woodland, Abraham Dalebout, Axel R. Ohlson, Adolph Z. Fjellstrom, Niels E. Jensen, Robert L. Bradshaw, Joseph Kynaston, George W. Wright, Benjamin Willmore. With the company, which was in charge of Elder Johnson, were seventy-three emigrating Saints.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Rejoicing at Southampton.—"We again take pleasure in reporting that four more souls have accepted the truth," writes Elders David M. Hymas and Earl A. Stratford, "and were baptized at Southampton Baths, April 2, 1906, Elder David M. Hymas officiating. Some of these new members received their testimonies in marvelous ways that this is the work of the Lord. The baptisms gave cause for rejoicing to all who were present."

Baptisms.—On April 7 four persons were baptized at Cheltenham. Elders Charles Pocock and James A. Berry officiated.

A baptismal service was held at the Cambridge Font, in the Norwich conference, April 7, 1906, when two persons were initiated into the fold of Christ. Elder T. Wilford West officiated. The Elders say that they are very much pleased with their field of labor. Their meetings are well attended each Sunday, and they are also blessed with many good friends who are willing to listen to the message they proclaim.

Elder Francis M. Davis officiated at a baptismal service held in the Stockport branch of the Manchester conference on the evening of April 9. There were five candidates, and the service was blessed with the Spirit of the Lord.

More baptisms are reported from Darlington. The ordinance was performed on Sunday, April 8, at the Public Baths, when three persons were made members of the Church, Elder Jacob G. Riches officiating.

Another Yarn Exploded.—The following from Elder Heber C. Smith of the Bristol conference will explain itself:

"While tracting at Swindon some time ago I met a woman who said she was well acquainted with a young lady who emigrated from this conference to Logan, Utah, some time ago. She declared that the sister referred to was wretched and unhappy among the 'Mormons,' and that she had suffered great indignities at their hands. This experience prompted me to write to the young lady in question, and in answer I received a long and interesting letter from which I quote the following excerpt:

"Logan City, Utah, March 25, 1906.

"Dear Brother—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I write to let you know how I am getting on. I am well and perfectly happy, and doing better

in every way than I did in England, both temporally and spiritually. I am rejoicing in the Gospel, and feel to thank my Heavenly Father for granting me the privilege of coming to this blest land.

"I have been in this country one year and four months, and I think that is quite long enough to find out whether the 'Mormons' are honest and virtuous, or whether the evils attributed to them are realities.

"I can truthfully say that I never met a more honest, kind, sympathetic, and loving people in all my life. I do not mean to say that all are perfect, for none in this world are, but to take the Latter-day Saints as a whole, I find them a good people. I have no relative in this country, but I have always been treated with the greatest kindness, and have no desire to go back to England. I am very thankful that my Heavenly Father has counted me worthy to be called a 'Mormon,' and my sincere prayer is that I may always be worthy of the name. . . .

"I feel to ever press onward in the work of the Lord, daily endeavoring to live more closely His commandments."

The Middlesbrough Annual Social.—We have received the following communication from Middlesbrough:

"On Wednesday, the 4th inst., the Middlesbrough Mutual Improvement association held its fifth annual social in the Oddfellows' Hall, which proved a greater success, both financially and socially, than ever before. There were two hundred and eighty-three tickets sold at one shilling each, two hundred and sixty-two of which were presented at the door for admission. Of those present only about sixty were members of the Church. During the evening the mixed and male voiced choirs gave selections, and Sister Sarah Ridge sang, 'Killarney.' The following friends also contributed to the evening's enjoyment: Mr. R. A. Yedsbrough dialect selection, and Messrs. Fisher and Atkinson comedians. The St. James' Orchestra, a company of six instrumentalists, kindly volunteered their services.

"The modest price of admission also included a delicious supper, which was served by a number of sisters, who were kept hard at work all the day, and especially from nine till midnight. A fact worthy of notice is, that no matter how any of the Saints work in these connections, they still contribute their fare. President J. Marlow Taylor addressed the assembly for about ten minutes, telling the object of the social, which he said was to get our friends and neighbors to see what kind of people we were, so as to allay prejudice; also to raise funds for the Sunday school and the Mutual Improvement association, and to give the children a treat in the summer time. At the close of the social the Elders distributed one hundred 'Rays,' and the 'Joseph Smith' edition of the STAR. We feel that these socials do much good, as we get a lot of investigators through them. We thank every one who has taken part to make it a success, and we thank the Lord, for we realize that He has blessed us in this branch in many ways. After all expenses are paid there is a balance of £6 14s.

"Albert W. B. Bird is president of the association, and his counselors are: Elihu Dagsley first counselor, John W. Ward second counselor."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Lesson for April 29, 1906.

13. DIVINE AUTHORITY.

1. Necessity of divine authority. John 15: 16; Romans 10: 14, 15; Heb. 5: 4; Doc. and Cov. 42: 11.

2. Servants of God called and ordained. Mark 3: 14, 15; John 15: 16; Acts 13: 1-3; 14: 23; I Tim. 2: 7; III Nephi 12: 1; 13: 25.

3. Power conferred upon the Priesthood. I Cor. 5: 3 5; Alma 5: 3; Doc. and Cov. 1: 8-9, 30; 72: 1: 75: 20; 103: 24, 25; 124: 128; 128: 8; 132: 44; 133: 26.

4. The Priesthood ambassadors of God. Matt. 10: 40; Luke 10: 16; John 13: 20; II Cor. 5: 20; Doc. and Cov. 84: 36, 37, 89.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

THE semi-annual London conference was held Sunday, April 15, 1906, in the Finsbury Town Hall, London. There were in attendance President Heber J. Grant of the European mission, President Angus M. Cannon of Salt Lake City, Elders Nephi Anderson and R. Eugene Allen of the Liverpool office, President Miles L. Jones and twenty-four traveling Elders of the London conference, and thirty-five visiting Elders of the British mission, including all of the conference presidents.

The conference was opened at eleven o'clock by President Jones welcoming those in attendance and presenting the general authorities of the Church, the presidents of the mission and conference and traveling Elders, who were unanimously sustained. The clerk then read the statistical report of the conference. That all visiting presidents might have the opportunity of speaking, it was decided that five minute speeches should be the order of the day.

The following brethren bore their testimonies at the morning service: Elder Cummings, President Gee of Grimsby, Elder Saville, Elder Tout, President Noble of Birmingham, Elder A. F. Smith, President Day of Bristol, President Anderson of Nottingham, President Taylor of Newcastle, and President Harper of Leeds. President Grant occupied the remainder of the time.

At the afternoon meeting the following Elders spoke: President Brown of the Scottish conference, C. H. Smith, President Grover of Norwich, W. A. Beesley, and President Hill of the Irish. President Angus M. Cannon then related many interesting experiences of his life, how as a boy of ten he had known the Prophet Joseph Smith, and had witnessed the early day persecutions and trials of the Church. President Grant followed by telling of his recent trip to Rome and the idolatry and image worship he had there witnessed, and expressed satisfaction in knowing that the Latter-day Saints worshipped the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom to know is life eternal.

At the evening meeting testimonies were borne by President Hurst of Manchester, President Midgley of Liverpool, President Parrish of Sheffield, Elders R. E. Allen and Nephi Anderson of the Liverpool Office, and Elder Hymas. Then for forty-five minutes President Grant placed before the people proofs of the integrity, virtue, and honesty of the Latter-day Saints, ridiculed the many erroneous ideas that were circulated about them, and bore fervent testimony to the divinity of the Gospel and the teachings of Joseph Smith.

Though Easter Sunday, the meetings were well attended by Saints and friends. Solos by Edwin F. Tout, Maggie Tout, and Irving Tout were given during the day and refreshments served between services.

The Latter-day Saints of the London conference gave a concert in the Finsbury Town Hall, London, on Saturday evening, April 14th. The following well known artists appeared: Misses Nannie, Maggie, Hazel, and Grace Tout, Mr. Edwin F. Tout, Mr. Ivor James, and Mr. Robert I'Anson. A program of high order was given, and the promoters and those who participated in it are deserving of the greatest credit. These semi-annual concerts have become quite a feature of the work in London.

WILFORD A. BEESLEY, Clerk of Conference.

THE CONFERENCE OF CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS.

A CONFERENCE of conference presidents of the British mission was called by President Heber J. Grant for April 14, at London, to finish up some business left over from the Rotterdam conference. An invitation to attend was given to all the Elders of the mission and some forty-six, not counting the thirteen conference presidents, took advantage of the opportunity to be present.

Two meetings were held on Saturday, the time being spent in discussing ways and means for the betterment of the mission work.

The third and last meeting was called for Monday, and it was one which will long be remembered by those present. Fifty-four brethren bore testimony to the Gospel, and the feeling of joy was indescribable, there being such an outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord.

President Angus M. Cannon cited many interesting experiences and manifestations that had taken place in his life, and President Grant followed with words of instruction and encouragement to all engaged in the service of the Lord. The afternoon was given over to sight-seeing, most of the Elders making a trip to the Crystal Palace, where they enjoyed the many attractions there.

How Religious Truth is Known.—Dr. Lyman Abbott, speaking before the Young Mens' Christian Association, said that much of what had passed for authority does not satisfy us; that the Bible as a book does not have the authority it did in the days of Jonathan Edwards. The present day people are looking for proofs. "But you cannot prove to an unmusical man that music is beautiful," he said. "If a man says that he doesn't believe in honesty, you don't try to argue with him, but you keep your hand on your pocketbook. If a man prefers the character of Aaron Burr to that of Lincoln, it is useles

to argue; the man is morally idiotic. Religious truth is like esthetic or ethical truth—it must be felt rather than demonstrated. How do I know there is a God? How do you know you had a mother? You haven't seen her. Her eyes and brow you have seen, but it is love, and patience, and tenderness that make a mother. These things you do not see—you feel them.—*New York Special.*

THE MOTHER-HEART.

I heard a baby cry in the dark.
It was not mine,
O no, not mine!
But my heart uprose to pity its woes,
And I could not choose but hark:
And I could not sleep till I heard the tone
Of a mother who ministered to her own.

But once a baby cried in the dark,
And it was mine,
Oh! mine and mine!
And I would not choose but hark:
And quickly I rose to quiet its woes,
For a baby's need is a thing to heed,
And I could not sleep till it smiled again
In dreams, forgetting its transient pain.

My baby cries no more in the dark.
No grief has mine,
No fear has mine.
But yet I leap from the deepest sleep
If I hear a little insistent cry,
And I softly whisper a hush-a-bye,
And, listening, wait for the mother's tone
That gently comforts and soothes her own;
And because of a baby that used to be
All babies lie close to the heart of me.

SELECTED.

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